

A  
Pleasaunt Conceited  
Historie, called  
*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*collected  
Perfect  
1804*

As it hath beene sundry times acted by the right  
Honourable the Earle of *Pembrooke*  
his Seruants.

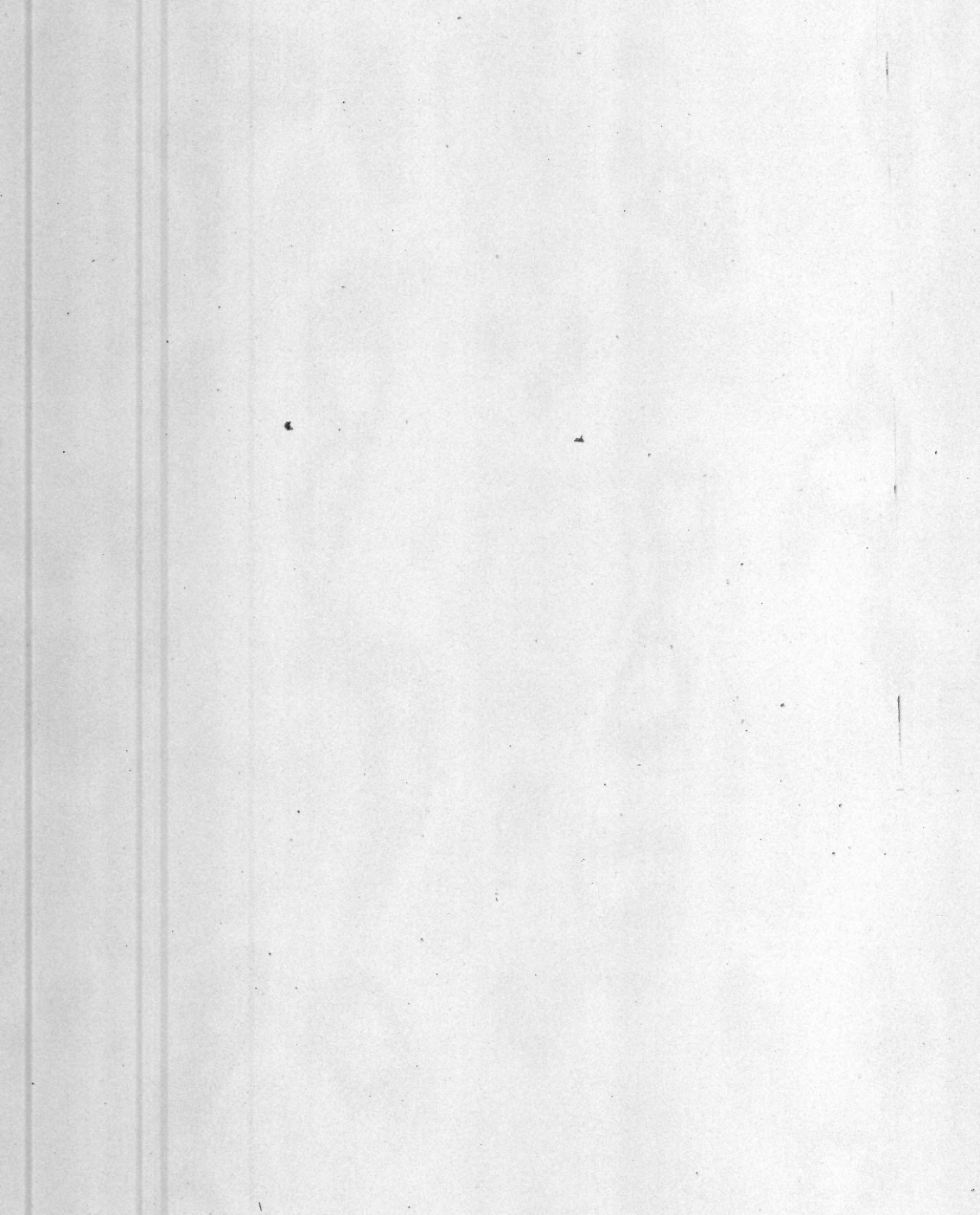


*George*

*Steevens*

G. STEEVENS.

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and are to be sold at his shop in Saint  
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G. STEEVENS

A pleasant conceited Historie,  
called,  
*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores  
Slie drunken.*

*Tapster.*

**Y**ou whoreson drunken slaue, you had best be gone,  
And empty your drunken punch somewhere else,  
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night.

*Exit Tapster.*

*Slie* Tilly vally, by crisee *Tapster* Ile fese you anone,  
Fills the tother pot, and all's paid for: looke you,  
I doe drinke it of mine owne instigation, *Omne bene.*  
Heere Ile lie awhile: why *Tapster* I say,  
Fill sa fresh cushion heere,  
Heigh ho, heere's good warme lying.  
*He falls asleepe.*

*Enter a noble man and his men frome hunting.*

*Lord* Now that the gloomy shadow of the night,  
Longing to view *Orions* drifling lookes,  
Leapes from th'antarticke world vnto the skie,  
And dims the welkin with her pitchie breath,  
And darkesome night oreshades the cristall heauens,  
Heere breake we off our hunting for to night.

A 2

Couple

*The Taming of a Shrew*

Couple vpp, the hounds and let vs be  
And bid the huntsman kee them meane well,  
For they haue all deseru'd it well to daie.  
But lo! what sleepe fellow is this lyes heere?  
Or is he dead, see how what he doeth looketh?

*Seruing man.* My Lord, tis nothing but a drunken  
His head is too heauie for his bodie, (leepe  
And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furder.

*Lord.* Fie, how the flauish villaine stinks of drinke.  
Ho, sir, arise. What so tound asleepe?  
Goe take him vp, and beare him to my house,  
And beare him easly for feare he wake,  
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,  
And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,  
And put my richest garments on his backe,  
Then let him at the Table in a chaire:  
When that is done, against he shall awake,  
Let heauenly musicke play about him still,  
Go two of you away, and beare him hence,  
And then Ile tell you what I haue deuise,  
But see in any case you wake him not.

*Exeunt two with Slie.*

Now take my cloke, and giue me one of yours,  
All fellowes now, and see you take me so:  
For we will waite vpon this drunken man,  
To see his countenance when he doth awake,  
And find himselfe clothed in such attire,  
With heauenly musicke sounding in his eares,  
And such a banquet set before his eyes,  
The fellow sure will thinke he is in heauen,  
But we will about him when he wakes,  
And see you call him Lord at euery word,  
And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,

And



*The Taming of a Shrew.*

And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,  
And I will aske what suites he meanes to weare,  
And what so ere he saith see you doo not laugh,  
But still perswade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

*Mes.* And it please your honour your plaiers be come  
And doo attend your honours pleasure here.

*Lord.* The fittest time they could haue chosen out,  
Bid one or two of them come hither straight,  
Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie,  
For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the plaiers with packs at their  
backs, and a boy.

Now sirs, what store of plaies haue you?

*San.* Mary my lord you may haue a Tragicall,  
Or a commoditie, or what you will.

*The other.* A Comedie thou shouldst say, founs  
thou'lt shame vs all.

*Lord.* And whats the name of your Comedie?

*San.* Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a Shrew.  
Tis a good lesson for vs my L. for vs that are married men

*Lord.* The taming of a shrew, thats excellent sure,  
Go see that you make you readie straight,  
For you must plaie before a lord to night,  
Say you are his men and I your fellow,  
Hee's something foolish, but what so ere he saies,  
See that you be not dasht out of countenance.  
And sirra, go you make you readie straight,  
And dresse your selfe like some louelie ladie,  
And when I cal, see that you come to me,  
For I will say to him thou art his wife,  
Dally with him and hug him in thine armes,  
And if he desire to goe to bed with thee,

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

Then faine some scuse and say thou wilt anon.  
Be gone I say, and see thou doost it well.

*Boy.* Feare not my Lord, Ile handle him well enough  
And make him thinke I loue him mightilie. *Ex. boy*

*Lord* Now sirs, go you and make you ready too,  
For you must play as soone as he doth wake.

*San.* O braue, sirha Tom, we must play before  
A foolish Lord, come lets go make vs ready.  
Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes,  
And Ile speake for the properties, My Lord, we must  
Haue a shoulder of mutton for a propertie,  
And a little vinegre to make our Diuell rore.

*Lord* Very well sirha, see that they want nothing.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two  
other, with *Slie*, asleepe in a chaire, richlie  
apparelled & the musick plaieng.

*One.* So sirha, now go call my Lord,  
And tell him that all things are ready as he willd it.

*Another* Set thou some wine vpon the boord,  
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presently. *Exit.*

*Enter the Lord, and his men.*

*Lord* How now, what is all things readier?

*One* Yea my Lord.

*Lord* Then sound the musicke and Ile wake him strait,  
And see you doe as earst I gaue in charge.

My Lord, my Lord, he sleepes soundly, my Lord.

*Slie* Tapster, giues a little smal ale: Heigh ho.

*Lord* Heere's wine, my Lord, the purest of the grape.

*Slie* For which Lord?

*Lord* For your honor, my Lord.

*Slie*

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*Slie.* Who I, am I a Lord? Iesus what fine apparell  
haue I got.

*Lord.* More richer far your honour hath to weare,  
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

*Wil.* And if your honour please to ride abroad,  
Ile fetch your lustie steedes more swift of pace  
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,  
That ran so swiftlie ouer *Persian* plaines.

*Tom.* And if your honour please to hunt the deere,  
Your hounds stands readie cuppled at the doore,  
Who in running will oretake the Row,  
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.

*Slie.* By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed,  
Whats thy name?

*Lord.* *Simon* and if it please your honour.

*Slie.* *Sim*, thats as much to say *Simion* or *Simon*  
Put forth thy hand and fill the pot.  
Giue me thy hand, *Sim* am I a lord indeed?

*Lord.* I my gracious Lord, and your louely ladie  
Long time hath mourned for your absence heere.  
And now with ioy behold where she dooth come  
To gratulate your honours safe returne.

Enter the boy in Womans attire.

*Slie.* *Sim.* Is this she?

*Lord.* I my Lord.

*Slie.* Masse tis a prettie wench, whats her name?

*Boy.* Oh that my louelie Lord would once vouchsafe  
To looke on me, and leaue these frantike fits,  
Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,  
To paint in words what Ile performe in deedes,  
I know your honour then would pittie me.

*Slie.* Harke you mistresse, will you eate a peece of  
bread?

Come

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

Come sit downe on my knee, *Sim* drinke to hir *Sim*,  
For she and I will go to bed anon.

*Lord.* May it please you, your honors plaiers be come  
To offer your honour a plaie.

*Slie.* A plaie *Sim*, O braue, be they my plaiers?

*Lord.* I my Lord.

*Slie.* Is there not a foole in the plaier?

*Lord.* Yes my Lord.

*Slie.* When will they plaie *Sim*?

*Lord.* Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.

*Boy* My Lord, Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

*Slie.* Doo, but looke that you come againe.

*Boy.* I warrant you my lord, I will not leaue you thus.

*Exit boy.*

*Slie.* Come *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim* stand by me,  
And weele flowt the plaiers out of their coates.

*Lord.* Ile cal them my lord. Ho where are you there?  
Sound Trumpets.

Enter two yoong Gentlemen, and a man,  
and a boy.

*Pol.* Welcome to *Athens* my beloued friend,  
To *Platoes* schoole and *Aristotles* walks,  
Welcome from *Cestus* famous for the loue  
Of good *Leander* and his Tragedie,  
For whome the *Helespont* weepes brinish teares,  
The greatest griefe is I cannot as I would  
Giue entertainment to my deereft friend.

*Aurel.* Thankes noble *Polidor* my second selfe,  
The faithfull loue which I haue found in thee  
Hath made me leaue my fathers princelie court,  
The *Duke* of *Cestus* thrise renowned seate,  
To come to *Athens* thus to find thee out,

Which



*The Taming of a Shrew.*

Which, since I haue so happily attained,  
My fortune now I do account as great  
As earst did *Cesar* when he conquered most.  
But tel me noble friend; where shal we lodge,  
For I am vnacquainted in this place.

*Pol.* My Lord, if you vouchsafe of schollers fare,  
My house, my selfe, and al is yours to vse,  
You and your men shall staie and lodge with me.

*Aurel.* With all my heart, I wil requite thy loue.

Enter *Simon*, *Alphonse*, and his  
three daughters.

But staie; what dames are these so bright of hew  
Whose eies are brighter than the lampes of heauen?  
Fairer then rocks of pearle and pretious stone,  
More louely far then is the morning sunne,  
When first she opes hir oriental gates.

*Alfon.* Daughters, be gone, and hie you to the church,  
And I will hie me downe vnto the key  
To see what marchandise is come ashore.

*Ex. Omnes.*

*Pol.* Why how now my Lord, what, in adumpe,  
To see these damscels passe away so soone?

*Aurel.* Trust me my friend I must confesse to thee,  
I tooke so much delight in these faire dames  
As I do wish they had not gone so soone:  
But if thou canst, resolue me what they be,  
And what old man it was that went with them,  
For I do long to see them once againe.

*Pol.* I cannot blame your honor, good my Lorde,  
For they are both louely, wise, faire, and yong,  
And one of them, the yongest of the three  
I long haue lou'd (sweet frind) and she lou'd me,  
But neuer yet we could not find a meanes  
How we might compasse our desired ioyes.

B

*Aurel.*

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*Aurel.* Why, is not her father willing to the match?

*Pol.* Yes trust me, but he hath solemnly sworn,  
His eldest daughter first shall be espoused,  
Before he grants his yongest leaue to loue:  
And therefore he that meanes to get their loues,  
Must first provide for her, if he wil speed,  
And he that hath her shall be frected so,  
As good be wedded to the diuell himselſe,  
For such a skould as she did neuer liue,  
And til that she be sped, none else can speede:  
Which makes me thinke, that all my labors lost,  
And who soere can get hir firme good will,  
A large dowrie he shall be sure to haue,  
For hir father is a man of mightie wealth,  
And an antient Citizen of the towne,  
And that was he that went along with them.

*Aurel.* But he shall keepe hir stil by my aduise,  
And yet I needes must loue his second daughter  
The image of honor and nobility,  
In whose sweet person is comprisde the summe  
Of Natures skill and heavenly maiesty.

*Pol.* I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine,  
Then if you like to follow on your loue,  
We must deuise a meanes to find some one  
That will attempt to wed this deuilish skould,  
And I do know the man. Come hither boy,  
Go your waies sirha, to *Ferandos* house,  
Desire him to take the paines to come to me,  
For I must speake with him immediatly.

*Boy.* I will sir, and fetch him presently.

*Pol.* A man I thinke will fit hir humour right,  
As blunt in speech as she is sharpe in tongne,  
And he I thinke will match hir euery way,  
And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,

And

*The Training of a Shriver*

And for his person worth as good as life:  
And if he compass him to be his wife,  
Then may we freely visit both our loves.

*Aurel.* O might I see the censer of my loue  
Whose sacred beauty hath enchanted me,  
More faire then was the Grecian *Helena*,  
For whose sweet sake so many princes dide;  
That came with thousand ships to *Tenedos*,  
But when we come vnto his fathers house,  
Tel him I am a Merchants sonne of *Cestus*,  
That comes for trafficke vnto *Athens* here,  
And here sirha, I wil change with you for once,  
And now be thou the Duke of *Cestus* sonne,  
Reuel and spend as if thou wert my selfe,  
For I will court thy loue in this disguise.

*Val.* My Lord, how if the Duke your father should  
By some meanes come to *Athens* for to see  
How you do profit in these publike schooles,  
And find me clothed thus in your attire,  
How would he take it then thinke you my Lord?

*Aurel.* Tush feare not *Valeria*, let me alone,  
But stay, here comes some other company:

Enter *Ferando* and his man *Sander*  
with a blew cote.

*Pol.* Here comes the man that I did tel you of.

*Estran.* Good morrow gentleman to al at once.  
How now *Polidor*, what man still in loue?  
Euer wooing and canst thou neuer speed?  
God send me better lucke when I shal woo.

*San.* I warrant you master and you take my counsell.

*Feran.* Why sirha, are you so cunning?

*San.* Who I, were better for you by true maie  
And you could tel how to do it as wel as I.

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*Pol.* I would thy master once were in the vaine,  
To trie himselfe how he could woo a wench.

*Feran.* Faith I am euen now a going.

*San.* I faith sir, my master's going to this geere now.

*Pol.* Whither in faith *Ferando*? tel me true.

*Fera.* To bonic *Kate*, the patientst wench aliue,  
The Diuel himselfe dares scarce venture to woo her,  
Seignior *Alfonso*s eldest daughter,  
And he hath promiſde me six thousand crownes  
If I can win her once to be my wife,  
And she and I must woo with skoulding sure,  
And I will hold hir too't til she be wearie,  
Or else ile make her yeeld to grant me loue.

*Pol.* How like you this *Aurelius*, I thinke he knew  
Our minds before we sent to him,  
But tell me, when do ye meane to speake with hir?

*Feran.* Faith presently, do you but stand aside,  
And I will make hir father bring hir hither:  
And she, and I, and he, will talke alone.

*Pol.* With all my heart, come *Aurelius*,  
Let vs be gone and leaue him here alone.

*Feran.* Ho Seignior *Alfonso*, who's within ther?

*Alfon.* Seignior *Ferando* y'are welcome hartily,  
You are a stranger sir vnto my house,  
Harke you sir, looke what I did promise you  
Ile performe, if you get my daughters loue.

*Feran.* Then when I haue talke a word or two with hir,  
Do you step in and giue her hand to me,  
And tell hir when the mariage day shall be,  
For I do know she would be married faine,  
And When our nuptiall rites be once performde  
Let me alone to tame hir well inough,  
Now call her forth that I may speake with hir.

*Enter Kate.*

*Alfon.*



*Parting of the Ship.*

*Alfon.* Ha *Kate*, Come hither wench and list to me,  
Use this gentleman friendly as thou canst.

*Feran.* Twenty good morrows to my lovely *Kate*.

*Kate.* You jest I am sure, is she yours already?

*Feran.* I tel thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me wel.

*Kate.* The Diuel you do, who told you so?

*Feran.* My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,  
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.

*Kate.* Was euer scene so grosse an asse as this.

*Feran.* I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.

*Kate.* Hands off I say, and get you from this place;  
Or I will set my ten commandements in your face.

*Feran.* I prithy do *Kate*, they say thou art a shrew.  
And I like thee the better, for I would haue thee so.

*Kate.* Let go my hand, for feare it reach your care.

*Feran.* No *Kate*, this hand is mine, and I thy lone.

*Kate.* Yfaith fir no, the woodcote wants his taile.

*Feran.* But yet his bil will serue, if the other faile.

*Alfon.* How now *Ferando*, what thy daughter?

*Feran.* Shee's willing fir, and loues me as his life.

*Kate.* Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

*Alfon.* Come hither *Kate*, and let me giue thy hand  
To him that I haue chosen for thy loue,  
And thou to morrow shalt be wed to him.

*Kate.* Why father, what do you mean to do with me,  
To giue me thus vnto this brainicke man,  
That in his mood cares not to murder me?

*She turnes aside and speaks.*

But yet I will consent and marry him,  
(For I me thinkes haue liu'de too long a maide.)  
And match him too, or else his manhood is good.

*Alfon.* Giue me thy hand, *Ferando* loues thee well,  
And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state.  
Here *Ferando*, take her for thy wife.

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

And Sunday next shall be our wedding day.

*Ferran.* Why so, did I not tel thee I should be the man?  
Father, I leaue my louely *Kate* with you,  
Prouide your selues against our mariage day,  
For I must hie me to my country house  
In haste, to see prouision may be made,  
To entertaine my *Kate* when she doth come.

*Alfon.* Do so, come *Kate*, why dost thou looke  
So sad: be mery wench, thy wedding daie's at hand,  
Sonne, fare you wel, and see you keepe your promise

*Exit Alfonso and Kate.*

*Ferran.* So, al thus far goes well. Ho *Sander*.

Enter *Sander* laughing

*San.* *Sander*, I faith you are a beast, I crie God-hartlie  
mercy, my harts ready to run out of my belly with  
laughing, I stood behinde the doore al this while,  
And heard what you said to hir. (wel to hir?)

*Ferran.* Why, doost thou thinke that I did not speake

*San.* You spoke like an asse to hir, ile tell you what,  
And I had been there to haue woo'd hir, and had this  
Cloke that you haue, chud hane had hir before she  
Had gone a foot furdur, and you talke of Woodcocks  
With hir, and I cannot tell you what. (for al this.)

*Ferran.* Well sir, and yet thou seest I haue got hir

*San.* I mary, twas more by hap then any good cunning,  
I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the  
parish shortly.

*Ferran.* Wel sir, leaue your reasting and go to *Polidors*  
The yong gentleman that was here with me, (house,  
And tel him the circumstance of al thou knowst,  
Tel him on Sunday next we must be married,  
And if he aske thee whither I am gone,  
Tel him into the countrey to my house,  
And vpon Sunday ile be here againe.

*Ex. Ferrando.*

*San.*

*The Learning of a Slave.*

**San.** I warrant you maister, feare not me  
For doing of my businesse.  
Now hang him that has not a liuery cote  
To slash it out and swash it out amongst the proud  
On them. Why looke you now, ile scarce put vp  
Plaine *Sander* now at any of their hands, for and any  
Body haue any thing to do with my master, straight  
They come crouching vpon me, I beseech you good M.  
*Sander* speake a good word for me, and then I am so  
Stout and take it vpon me, and stand vpon my pantofles  
To them out of all crie, why I haue a life like a giant  
Now, but that my master hath such a pestilent mind  
To a woman now of late, and I haue a pretty wench  
To my sister, and I had thought to haue preferred my  
Master to hir, and that would haue bin a good  
Deale in my way, but that hees sped already.

*Enter Polidors boy.*

**Boy.** Friend, well met.

**San.** Souns friend, well met. I hold my life be. see  
not my masters liuery coate,  
Plaine friend hop of my thum, know you who we are?

**Boy.** Trust me sir it is the vse where I was borne,  
To salute men after this manner, yet notwithstanding  
If you be angry with me for calling of you friend,  
I am the more sorry for it, hoping the stile  
Of a Foole wil make you amends for all.

**San.** The slaue is sorie for his fault, now we cannot be  
angry, well whates the matter that you would do with vs?

**Boy.** Marry sir, I heare you pertaine to seignior

*Reuolus.*

**San.** I and thou beest not blind thou maister,  
*Ecce signum*, here.

**Boy.** Shal I intreat you to do me a message to your  
Master?

**San.**

*The Taming of a Shrew*

*San.* I, it may be, & you tell vs from whence you come.

*Boy.* Marrie sir I serue yong *Polidor* your maisters  
friend

*San.* Do you serue him, and whats your name?

*Boy.* My name sirha? I tel the sirha is cald Catapie.

*San.* Cake and pie, O my teeth waters to haue a peece  
of thee.

*Boy.* Why slaue, wouldst thou eate me?

*San.* Eate thee, who would not eate Cake and pie?

*Boy.* Why villaine my name is Catapie,  
But wilt thou tel me where thy maister is.

*San.* Nay thou must first tel me where thy maister is.  
For I haue good newes for him, I can tel thee.

*Boy.* Why see where he comes.

Enter *Polidor*, *Aurelius*, and *Valeria*.

*Pol.* Come sweet *Aurelius* my faithfull friend,  
Now wil we go to see rhose louely dames,  
Richer in beauty then the orient pearle,  
Whiter than is the Alpine Christall mould,  
And far more louely than the terrene plant,  
That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone.  
What *Sander*, what newes with you?

*San.* Marry sir my maister sends you word  
That you must come to his wedding to morrow.

*Pol.* What, shal he be married then?

*San.* Faith I, you thinke he standes as long about it as  
you do.

*Pol.* Whither is thy maister gone now?

*San.* Marry hee's gone to our house in the Countrey  
To make al things in a readinesse against my new  
Mistrisse comes thither, but heele come againe to  
morrow.

*Pol.* This is suddainly dispatcht belike:  
Wel, sirha boy, take *Sander* in with you,

And



*The Taming of a Shrew.*

And haue him to the buttrey presentlie.

*Boy.* I will sir: come *Saunders*.

*Exit Sander and the Boy.*

*Aurel.* *Valeria*, as erst wee did deuise,  
Take thou thy lute and go to *Alfonso's* house,  
And say that *Polidor* sent thee thither.

*Pol.* I *Valeria*, for he spoke to me,  
To helpe him to some cunning Musition,  
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,  
And thou I know wilt fitte his turne so well,  
As thou shalt get great fauour at his hands,  
Be gone *Valeria*, and say I sent thee to him.

*Valer.* I will sir, and stay your comming at *Alfonso's*  
house.

*Exit Valeria.*

*Pol.* Now sweet *Aurelius*, by this deuise  
Shal we haue leisure for to court our loues,  
For whilst that she is learning on the lute,  
Hir sisters may take time to steale abroad,  
For otherwise sheele keepe them both within.  
And make them worke whilst she herselfe doth play.  
But come, lets go vnto *Alfonso's* house,  
And see how *Valeria* and *Kate* agrees  
I doubt his musicke scarce will please his skoller,  
But stay, heere comes *Alfonso*.

*Enter Alfonso.*

*Alfon.* What M. *Polidor*! you are wel met,  
I thanke you for the man you sent to me,  
A good Musition I thinke he is;  
I haue set my daughter and him together,  
But is this gentleman a friend of yours?

*Pol.* He is, I pray you sir bid him welcome,  
He's a wealthy Marchants son of *Cestius*.

*Alfon.* Yare welcome sir, and if my house afforde

C

You

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

You any thing that may content your mind,  
I pray you sir make bold with me.

*Aurel.* I thanke you sir, and if what I haue got  
By marchandise or trauel on the seas,  
Sattins, or lawnes, or azure coloured fillic,  
Or pretious fiery pointed stones of Indye,  
You shall command, both them, my selfe, and all.

*Alfon.* Thanks gentle sir, *Polidor* take him in,  
And bid him welcome vnto my house,  
For thou I thinke must be my second sonne;  
*Ferando*, *Polidor* doost thou not know  
Must marry *Kate*, and to morrow is the day.

*Pol.* Such newes I heard, and I came now to know.

*Alfon.* *Polidor* tis true, go let me alone,  
For I must see against the bridegroom come,  
That all things be according to his mind,  
And so ile leaue you for an houre or two.

*Exit.*

*Pol.* Come then *Aurelius*, come in with me,  
And wee le go sit a while and chat with them,  
And after bring them forth to take the aire.

*Exit.*

Then *Slie* speaks.

*Slie.* *Sim*, when will the foole come againe?

*Lord.* Heele come againe my Lord anon.

*Sil.* Gis some more drinke here, souns where's  
The Tapster, here *Sim*, eate some of these things.

*Lord.* So I do my Lord.

*Slie.* Heere *Sim*, I drinke to thee.

*Lord.* My Lord heere comes the Plaiers againe.

*Slie.* O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen.

Enter *Valeria* with a Lute and *Kate*  
with him.

*Vale.* The sencelesse trees by musick haue bin mou'd,  
And at the sound of plesant tuned strings,

Haue

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

Haue savage beasts hung downe their listning heads,  
As though they had beene cast into a trance.  
Then it may be, that she to whome naught can please,  
With Musickes sound, in time may be surprisde.  
Come louely Mistris, will you take your lute,  
And play the lesson that I taught you last?

*Kate* It is no matter whether I doe, or no,  
For trust me, I take no great delight in it.

*Val.* I would, sweete Mistris, that it lay in me,  
To helpe you to that thing that's your delight.

*Kate* In you with a pestlence, are you so kind?  
Then make a night-cap of your fiddles case,  
To warme your head, and hide your filthy face.

*Val.* If that (sweet Mistris) were your harts content,  
You should commaund a greater thing than that,  
Although it were ten times to my disgrace.

*Kate* Y'are so kind t'were pitie you should be hang'd,  
And yet me thinks the foole doth looke asquint.

*Val.* Why Mistris, doe you mocke me?

*Kate* No, but I meane to mooue thee.

*Val.* Well, will you play a litle?

*Kate* Yea, giue me the Lute.

*Shee plays.*

*Val.* That stop was false, play it againe.

*Kate* Then mend it thou, thou filthy asse.

*Val.* What, doe you bid me kisse your arse?

*Kate* How now jacke sawcer: y'are a jolly mate,  
Y'are best be still lest I crosse your pate,  
And make your musicke lie about your eares.  
He make it and your coxcombe meet.

*She offers to strike him with the Lute.*

*Val.* Hold Mistris, so wns will you breake my Lute?

*Kate* Yea on thy head and if thou speake to me,

*I hee I aming of a sorrow.*

There, take it vp, and fiddle fomewhere else,

*she throwes it downe.*

And see you come no more into this place,

Lest that I clap your fiddle on your face.

*Exit Kate*

*Val.* Sowns, teach her to play on the Lute?

The diuell shall teach her first, I am glad shee's gone,

For I was ne're so fraid in all my life,

But that my Lute should fie about mine eares:

My maister shall teach her himselfe for me,

For he keepe me farre enough without her reach,

For he and *Polidor* sent me before,

To be with her, and teach her on the Lute,

Whilst they did court the other gentl women,

And heere me thinks they come together.

*Enter Aurelius, Polidor, Emelia, and Philena.*

*Pol:* How now *Valeria*, where's your Mistris?

*Val:* At the vengeance, I thinke, and no where else.

*Aurel.* Why *Valeria*, will she not learne apace?

*Val:* Yes berladie, she haz learn'd too much alreadie,

And that I had felt, had I not spoke her faire,

But she shall ne're be learnt for me againe.

*Aurel:* Well *Valeria* go to my chamber,  
And beare him companie that came to die  
From *Cestus*, where our aged father dwelles.

*Exit Valeria.*

*Pol:* Come faire *Emelia*, my louely loue,  
Brighter than the burnisht pallace of the Sunne,  
The eie-sight of the glorious firmament,  
In whose bright lookes sparkles the radiant fire.

Willie *Prometheus* sliely stole from *Ioue*,

Infusing breath, life, motion, soul-

To euerie object stricken by thine eies.

Oh faire *Emelia*, I pine for thee,

And, either must enjoy thy loue, or die.

*Emelia*



*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*Emel:* Fie man, I know you will not die for loue,  
Ah *Polidor*, thou need'st not to complaine,  
Eternall heauen sooner be dissol'd,  
And all that pierceith *Phabus* siluer eie,  
Before such hap befall to *Polidor*.

*Pol:* Thankes faire *Emelia* for these sweet words:  
But what saith *Philena* to her friend?

*Phil:* Why I am buying niarchandise of him.

*Aurel:* Mistris, you shall not neede to buy of me:  
For when I cros'd the bubbling Canibey,  
And sailde along the cristall *Hellsipont*,  
I fill'd my coffers of the wealthy mines,  
Where I did cause millions of labouring Moores  
To vndermine the cauerns of the earth,  
To seeke for strange and new found pretious stones,  
And diue into the Sea to gather pearle,  
As faire as *Iuno* offred *Prims* sonne,  
And you shall take your liberall choice of all.

*Phil:* I thanke you sir, and would *Philena* might  
In any curtesie requite you so,  
As she with willing heart could well bestow.

*Enter Alfonso.*

*Alfon:* How now daughters, is *Ferando* come?

*Eme:* Not yet farther, I wonder he staies so long.

*Alfon:* And where's your sister that she is not here?

*Phil:* She is making of her ready, father,  
To goe to church, and if that he were come.

*Pol:* I warrant you hee'l not be long away.

*Alfon:* Go daughters, get you in, and bid your  
Sister prouide her selfe against that we do come,  
And see you goe to church along with vs.

*Exit Philena and Emelia.*

I maruell that *Ferando* comes not away.

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*Pol.* His Tailor, it may be, hath bin too slacke  
In his apparrell which he meanes to weare:  
For no question but some fantastike futes  
He is determined to weare to day,  
And richly powdered with pretious stones,  
Spotted with liquide golde, thicke set with pearle,  
And such he meanes shall be his wedding futes.

*Alfon.* I car'd not I, what cost he did bestow,  
In golde, or silke, so he himselfe were here,  
For I had rather lose a thousand crownes,  
Than that he should deceiue vs heere to day:  
But soft, I thinke I see him come.

*Enter Ferando basely attired, and a red Cap on his head.*

*Feran.* Good morrow father: *Polidor* well met,  
You wonder, I know, that I haue staide so long.

*Alfon.* Yea mary sonne, we were almost perswaded,  
That we should scarce haue had our Bridegroome heere:  
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

*Feran.* Thus richly father you should haue saide,  
For when my wife and I are married once,  
Shee's such a shrew, if we should once fall out,  
Sheele pull my costly futes ouer mine eares,  
And therefore am I thus attir'd a while:  
For many things I tell you's in my head,  
And none must know thereof, but *Kate* and I:  
For we shall liue like *Lambes* and *Lions* furs,  
Nor *Lambs* to *Lions* neuer were so tame,  
If once they be within the *Lions* pawes,  
As *Kate* to me, if we were married once,  
And therefore, come, lets to church presently.

*Pol.* Fic *Ferando*, not thus attired for shame,  
Come to my Chamber, and there suite thy selfe,

*The Tuning of a Shroud:*

Of twenty futes that I did neuer weare.

*Feran.* Tush *Polador*, I haue as many futes  
Fantastike made to fit my humor so,  
As any in Athens, and as richly wrought  
As was the Massie Robe that late adorn'd  
The stately legat of the Persian King,  
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.

*Alfon.* I prethee *Ferando* let me inreat  
Before thou go'st vnto the church with vs,  
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.

*Feran.* Not for the world, if I might gaine it so,  
And therefore take me thus, or not at al.

Enter *Kate*.

But soft, see where my *Kate* doth come,  
I must salute hir: how fares my louely *Kate*,  
What, art thou ready? shal we go to church?

*Kate* Not I with one so mad, so basely tir'd,  
To marry such a filthy flauish groome,  
That as it seemes sometimes is from his wits,  
Or elie he would not thus haue come to vs.

*Feran.* Tush *Kate* these words adde greater loue in me,  
And makes me thinke thee fairer then before:  
Sweet *Kate*, thou louelier then Dianas purple robe,  
Whiter then are the snowie Apenis,  
Or icie haire that growes on Boreas chin.  
Father, I sweare by this golden beake,  
More faire and Radiant is my bony *Kate*,  
Then silver Zanthus when he doth embrace  
The raddie Simies at *Idas* sette,  
And care not thou, sweet *Kate*, how I be clad,  
Thou shalt haue garments wrought of Median silke,  
Enchac'd with pretious iewels fetcht from far,  
By Italian marchants that with Russian stemes,  
Plowes vp huge furrowes in the *Terraine Maure*,

And

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

And better far my lovely *Kate* shal weare:  
Then come sweet loue, and let vs to the church,  
For this I sweare shal be my wedding lute.

*Exeunt omnes*

*Alfon.* Come gentlemen go along with vs,  
For thus, do what we can, he will be wed.

*Exit.*

*Enter Polidors Boy and Sander.*

*Boy.* Come hither sirha, boy.

*San.* Boy, oh disgrace to my person! sounes, boy  
Of your face, you haue many boyes with such  
Pickadenaunts I am sure, souns would you  
Not haue a bloody nose for this?

*Boy.* Come, come, I did but iest, where is that  
Same peece of pie that I gaue thee to keeper

*San.* The pie? I, you haue more mind of your belly  
Then to go see what your maister dooes.

*Boy.* Tush, tis no matter man, I prethee giue it me,  
I am very hungry I promise thee.

*San.* Why you may take it, and the diuel burst  
You with it, one cannot saue a bit after supper,  
But you are alwaies ready to munch it vp.

*Boy.* Why come man, we shall haue good cheere  
Anon at the bridehouse, for your maister's gone to  
Church to be married already, and theres  
Such cheere as passeth.

*San.* O braue, I would I had eate no meate this weeke,  
For I haue neuer a corner left in my belly  
To put a venson pastie in, I thinke I shall burst my selfe  
With eating, for ile so cram me down the tarts  
And the marchpanes out of all crie.

*Boy.* I, but how wilt thou do now thy maister's  
Maried, thy mistres is such a diuel, as sheele make  
Thee forget thy eating quickly, shee'le beate thee so.

*San.*



*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*San.* Let my master alone with her for that, for  
Heele make hir tame wel inough ere long I warrant thee,  
For he's such a churle waxen now of late, that and he be  
Neuer so little angry he thums me out of all cry,  
But in my mind sirha, the yongest is a very  
Prety wench, and if I thought thy master would  
Not haue hir, Ide haue a fling at hir.  
My selfe, ile see soone whether twill be a match  
Or no: and it will not, ile set the matter  
Hard for my selfe I warrant thee.

*Boy.* Souns you slaue, wil you be a Riual with  
My master in his loue: speake but such  
Another word and ile cut off one of thy legs.

*San.* Oh cruel iudgement, nay then sirha,  
My tongue shal take no more to you, marry my  
Timber shal tell the trusty message of his maister  
Euen on the very forehead on thee, thou abusious  
Villaine, therefore prepare thy selfe.

*Boy.* Come hither thou imperfectious slaue, in  
Regard of thy beggery, hold thee, theres  
Two shillings for thee, to pay for the  
Healing of thy left leg which I meane  
Furiouly to inuade, or to maime at the least.

*San.* O supernodical foole! wel, ile take your  
Two shillings, but ile bar striking at legs.

*Boy.* Not I, for ile strike any where.

*San.* Here take your two shillings againe,  
Ile see thee hangd ere ile fight with thee,  
I gat a broken shin the other day,  
Tis not whole yet, and therefore ile not fight.  
Come, come, why should we fal out?

*Boy.* Wel sirha, your faire words haue something  
Alaied my choler: I am content for this once  
To put it vp, and be friends with thee,

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

But soft, see where they come all from church,  
Belike they be married already.

*Enter Ferando and Kate, and Alfonso, and Polidor,  
and Emilia, and Aurelius, and Phylema*

*Feran.* Father farewell, my Kate and I must home,  
Sirha, go make ready my horse presently.

*Alfon.* Your horse! what son, I hope you do but iest,  
I am sure you will go so suddainely.

*Kate* Let him go or tarry, I am resolu'd to stay,  
And not to trauel on my wedding day.

*Feran.* Tut Kate I tel thee we must needes go home,  
Villaine, hast thou saddled my horse?

*San.* Which horse, your curiall?

*Feran.* Souns you slaue, stand you prating here?  
Saddle the bay gelding for your mistris.

*Kate.* Not for me, for I wil not go. (pence

*San.* The Ostler wil not let me haue him, you owe ten  
For his meate and 6 pence for stuffing my mistris saddle.

*Feran.* Here villaine, goe pay him strait.

*San.* Shal I giue them another pecke of lauender?

*Fera.* Out slaue, and bring them presently to the dore.

*Alfon.* Why son, I hope at least youle dine with vs.

*San.* I pray you master lets stay til dinner be done.

*Fera.* Souns villaine, art thou here yet? *Exit Sander*  
Come Kate, our dinner is prouided at home.

*Kate.* But not for me, for here I meane to dine:  
Ile haue my wil in this as wel as you,  
Though you in madding mood would leaue your frinds,  
Despite of you ile tarry with them still.

*Fera.* I Kate so thou shalt, but at some other time,  
Whenas thy sisters here shall be espoused,  
Then thou and I wil keepe our wedding day,  
In better sort then now we can prouide,

For

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

For heere I promise thee before them all,  
We will ere long returne to them againe:  
Come *Kate*, stand not on termes, we will away,  
This is my day, to morrow thou shalt rule,  
And I will doe what euer thou commandes.  
Gentlemen, farewell, wee'l take our leaues,  
It will be late before that we come home.

*Exeunt Ferando and Kate.*

*Pol.* Farewell *Ferando*, since you will be gone.

*Alfon.* So mad a couple did I neuer see.

*Emel.* Thei're euen as wel matcht as I would wish.

*Phile.* And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame her:  
For when he haz done, she will do what she list.

*Aurel.* Her manhoode then is good I do beleuee.

*Pol.* *Aurelius*, or else I misse my marke:  
Her tongue will walke, if she doe holde her hands.  
I am in doubt ere halfe a month be past  
Hee'l curse the Priest that married him so soone,  
And yet it may be she will be reclaimde,  
For she is very patient growne of late.

*Alfon.* God hold it, that it may continue still,  
I would be loath that they should disagree,  
But he (I hope) will hold her in a while.

*Pol.* Within these two daies I will ride to him,  
And see how louingly they do agree.

*Alfon.* Now *Aurelius*, what say you to this?  
What haue you sent to *Cesius* as you said?  
To certifie your father of your loue,  
For I would gladly he would like of it,  
And if he be the man you tell to me,  
I ghesse he is a Merchant of great wealth:  
And I haue seene him oft at Athens here,  
And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.

*Pol.* And so to me whilst *Polidor* doth liue.

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*Aurel.* I find it so, right worthy gentlemen,  
And of that worth your friendship I esteeme,  
I leaue censure of your seuerall thoughts,  
But for requitall of your fauours past  
Rests yet behinde, which when occasion serues,  
I vow shal be remembred to the full,  
And for my fathers comming to this place,  
I do expect within this weeke at most.

*Alfon.* Enough Aurelius: but we forget  
Our marriage dinner now the Bride is gone,  
Come, let vs see what there they left behind.

*Exeunt  
omnes*

*Enter Sander with two or three Serving men.*

*San.* Come sirs, provide all things as fast as you can,  
For my maister's hard at hand, and my new mistris  
And all, and he sent me before to see all things ready.

*Tom.* Welcome home *Sander*: sirs ha how looks our  
new mistris, they say shee's a plaguy shrew?

*San.* Yea and that thou shalt find, I can tell thee and if  
thou dost not please her wel: why my master haz such ado  
with her, as it passeth, and hee's euen like a mad man.

*Wil.* Why *Sander*, what doth he say?

*San.* Why Ile tell you what: when they should  
Goe to church to be married, he puts on an olde  
Ierkin, and a paire of canuasse breeches downe to the  
Small of his leg, and a red cap on his head, and he  
Lookes as thou wouldst burst thy selfe with laughing  
When thou seest him: hee's ee'n as good as a  
Foole for me: and then when they should goe to dinner,  
He made me saddle the horse, and away he came,  
And wa's tarried for dinner, and therefore you had best  
Get supper ready against they come, for

*Then*



*The Taming of a Shrew.*

They be hard at hand I am sure by this time.

*Tom.* Sowns, see where they be already.

*Enter Ferando and Kate.*

*Feran.* Now welcome *Kate*. Where's these villaines  
Heere? what, not supper yet vpon the boord?  
Nor table spread, nor nothing done at all,  
Where's that villaine that I sent before?

*San.* Now, *adsum*, sir.

*Feran.* Come hither you villaine, Ile cut your nose,  
You rogue, help me off with my bootes: wil't please  
You to lay the cloth? Sowns the villaine  
Hurts my foote: pull easly I say, yet againe:

*He beates them all.*

*They couer the boord, and fetch in the meate.*

Sowns, burnt and scorch't, who drest this meate?

*Wil.* Forfooth *Iohn Cooke*.

*He throwes downe the table and meate, and all,  
and beates them all.*

*Feran.* Goe you villaines, bring me such meate:  
Out of my sight I say, and beare it hence:  
Come *Kate*, wee'l haue other meate prouided,  
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?

*San.* I forfooth.

*exennt Ferando and Kate*

*Manent Seruingmen and eate vp all the meate.*

*Tom.* Sownes, I thinke of my conscience my maister's  
madde since he was married.

*Wil.* I laft what a boxe he gaue *Sander*  
For pulling off his bootes.

*Enter Ferando againe.*

*San.* I hurt his foote for the nonce man.

*Feran.* Did you so, you damned villaine?

*He beates them all out againe.*

This humour must I holde me to a while,

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

To bridle and hold backe my head strong wife,  
With curbes of hunger, ease, and want of sleepe:  
Nor sleepe, nor meate shall she enjoy to night,  
He mew her vp as men doe mew their Hawkes,  
And make her gently come vnto the Lewre,  
Were she as stubborne, or as full of strength,  
As was the Thracian Horse Alcides tamde,  
That king *Egeus* fed with flesh of men,  
Yer would I pull her downe, and make her come,  
As hungry Hawkes doe flie vnto their Lewre. *exit.*

*Enter Aurelius and Valeria.*

*Aurel:* *Valeria* attend, I haue a louely loue,  
As bright as is the heauen cristalline,  
As faire as is the milke white way of *Ioue*,  
As chaste as *Phæbe*, in her summer sports,  
As soft and tender as the azure downe,  
That circles *Cithereas* siluer Doues.  
Her doe I meane to make my louely Bride,  
And in her bed to breathe the sweete content,  
That I, thou know'st, long time haue aimed at.  
Now *Valeria*, it rests in thee to helpe  
To compasse this, that I might gaine my loue,  
Which easily thou maist performe at will,  
If that the merchant which thou told'st me of,  
Will (as he saide) goe to *Alfonsoes* house,  
And say he is my father, and therewirhall  
Passe ouer certaine deedes of land to me,  
That I thereby may gaine my hearts desire,  
And he is promised reward of me.

*Val:* Feare not my Lord, He fetch him strait to you,  
For hee'l doe any thing that you commaund,  
But tell me, my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?

*Aurel:* He is, and *Polidor* shortly shalbe wed,  
And he meanes to tame his wife ere long.

*Valeria*

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*Val.* Hee saies so.

*Aurel.* Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.

*Val.* The taming schoole! why is there such a place?

*Aurel.* I: and *Ferando* is the maister of the schoole.

*Val.* That's rare: but what *decorum* doth he vse?

*Aurel.* Faith I know not: but by some odde deuise  
Or other, but come *Valeria* I long to see the man,  
By whom we must comprise our plotted drift,  
That I may tel him what we haue to do.

*Val.* Then come my Lord and I will bring you to him  
straight

*Aurel.* Agreede then, lets go.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Sander and his mistris.*

*San.* Come mistris.

*Kate. Sander* I prethee helpe me to some meat,  
I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.

*San.* I marry mistris, but you know my maister  
Has giuen me a charge that you must eat nothing,  
But that which he himselfe giueth you.

*Kate.* Why man, thy master needs neuer know it.

*San.* You say true indeed. Why looke you mistris,  
What say you to a pece of bieffe and mustard now?

*Kate.* Why I say tis excellent meat, canst thou  
helpe me to some?

*San.* I, I could helpe you to some, but that  
I doubt the mustard is too chollerick for you.  
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?

*Kate.* Why any thing, I care not what it be

*San.* I but the garlick I doubt will make your breath  
Stinke, and then my master wil course me for letting  
You eate it But what say you to a fat Capon?

*Kate.* That's meat for a king, sweete *Sander* help  
me to some of it.

*San.* Nay berlady then tis too deere for vs, we must

Not

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

Not meddle with the Kings meate.

*Kate.* Out villaine, dost thou mocke me,  
Take that for thy sawsinesse.

she beates him.

*San.* Sounes are you so light finged with a murrin,  
Hee keepe you fasting for it these two daies.

*Kate.* I tel thee villaine, ile teare the flesh off  
Thy face and eate it, and thou prate to me thus.

*San.* Here comes my master now, heele course you.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vpon his.  
dagger point and *Polidor* with him.

*Feran.* See heere *Kate*, I haue prouided meat for thee,  
Here take it: what, ist not worthy thanks?  
Go sirha, take it away againe, you shall be  
Thankful for the next you haue.

*Kate.* Why I thanke you for it.

*Feran.* Nay now tis not worth a pin, go sirha and take  
it hence I say.

*San.* Yes sir ile carrie it hence: Master let hir  
Haue none, for she can fight as Hungry as she is.

*Pol.* I pray you sir let it stand, for ile eate  
Some with her my selfe.

*Feran.* Wel sirha, set it downe againe.

*Kate.* Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,  
And keepe it for your owne diet, for ile none,  
Hee ne're be beholding to you for your meat,  
I tel thee flatly here vnto thy teeth,  
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feed me as thou list,  
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house.

*Feran.* I, when ya're meeke and gentle, but not  
Before, I know your stomacke is not yet come downe.  
Therefore, no maruel thou canst not eat,  
And I will go vnro your Fathers house,  
Come *Polidor* let vs go in againe,

And



*The Taming of a Shrew.*

And *Kate* come in with vs, I know ere long,  
That thou and I shall louingly agree.

*Exit Omnes.*

Enter *Aurelius, Valeria and Phylotus*  
the Marchant.

*Aurel.* Now Seignior *Phylotus*, we wil go  
Vnto *Alfonso*s house, and be sure you say  
As I did tel you, concerning the man  
That dwels at *Cestus*, whose son I said I was,  
For you do very much resemble him,  
And feare not: you may be bold to speake your mind.

*Phylo.* I warrant you sir, take you no care,  
Ile vse my selfe so cunning in the cause,  
As you shall soone inioy your harts delight.

*Aurel.* Thanks sweet *Phylotus*, then stay you here,  
And I will go and fetch him hither strait.  
Ho, Seignior *Alfonso*: a word with you.

Enter *Alfonso*.

*Alfonso.* Who's there? what *Aurelius* what's the matter  
That you stand so like a stranger at the doore?

*Aurel.* My father sir is newly come to towne,  
And I haue brought him here to speake with you,  
Concerning these matters that I told you of,  
And he can certifie you of the truth.

*Alfon.* is this your father? you are welcome sir.

*Phylo.* Thanks *Alfonso*, for thats your name I gesse,  
I vnderstand my son hath set his mind  
And bent his liking to your daughters loue,  
And for because he is my only son,  
And I would gladly that he should do well,  
I tel you sir, I not mislike his choise,  
If you agree to giue him your consent,  
He shall haue liuing to maintaine his estate,

E

There

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

Three hundred pounds a yeare, I will assure  
To him and to his heyres, and if they do ioyne,  
And knit themselues in holy wedlocke band,  
A thousand maseie ingots of pure gold,  
And twise as many bars of siluer plate,  
I freely giue him, and in writing straight  
I wil confirme what I haue said in words.

*Alfon.* Trust me, I must commend your liberal mind,  
And louing care you beare vnto your son,  
And here I giue him freely my content.  
As for my daughter, I thinke he knowes her mind,  
And I will enlarge her dowry for your sake,  
And solemnise with ioy your nuptial rites.  
But is this gentleman of *Cistius* too?

*Aurel.* He is the *Duke of Cistius* thrise renowmed son,  
Who for the loue his honor beares to me,  
Hath thus accompanied mee to this place.

*Alfon.* You were too blame you tolde me not before,  
Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne  
Your honor had bin here in place with me,  
I would haue don my duty to your honor.

*Val.* Thanks good *Alfonso*. but I did come to see  
When these marriage rites should be performed.  
And if in these nuptials you vouchsafe,  
To honor thus the prince of *Cistius* friend,  
In celebration of his spousal rites,  
He shal remaine a lasting friend to you,  
What saies *Aurelius* father?

*Philo.* I humbly thanke your honor, good my Lord,  
And ere we part, before your honor here,  
Shal articles of such content be drawne,  
As twixt our houses and posterities,  
Eternally this league of peace shall last  
Inuiolate and pure on either part.

*Alfonso*

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*Alfonso.* With al my heart, and if your honor please  
To walke along with vs vnto my house,  
We wil confirme these leagues of lasting loue.

*Val.* Come then *Aurelius* I wil go with you. *Ex. Omnes.*

*Enter Ferando and Kate, and Sander.*

*San.* Master, the Haberdasher has brought my  
Mistris home hir cap here.

*Feran.* Come hither sirha: what haue you there?

*Haber.* A veluet cap sir, and it please you.

*Feran.* Who spoke for it? didst thou *Kate*?

*Kate.* What if I did? come hither sirha, giue me  
The cap, ile see if it wil fit me.

She sets it on her head.

*Feran.* O monstrous: why it becomes thee not,  
Let me see it *Kate*: here sirha take it hence,  
This cap is out of fashion quite

*Kate.* The fashion is good inough: belike you  
Meane to make a foole of me.

*Feran.* Why true, he meanes to make a foole of thee,  
To haue thee put on such a curtald cap:  
Sirha, be gone with it.

*Enter the Taylor with a gowne.*

*San.* Here is the *Taylor* too with my mistris gowne.

*Feran.* Let me see it *Taylor*: what, with cuts and jags?  
Sounes thou vilaine, thou hast spoil'd the gowne. (tion,

*Taylor.* Why sir, I made it as your man gaue me direc-  
You may read the note here

*Feran.* Come hither sirha: *Taylor* read the note.

*Taylor.* I tem a faire round compass'd cape.

*San.* I thats true.

*Taylor.* And a large truncke sleeue.

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*San.* That's a lie maister, I said two truncke sleeves.

*Feran.* Well sir, go forward.

*Taylor.* Item a loose bodied gowne,

*San.* Maister if euer I said loose bodies gowne,  
Sew me in a seame, and beat me to death  
With a bottome of browne thred.

*Taylor.* I made it as the note bade me.

*San.* I say the note lies in his throate and thou too,  
And thou faist it.

*Taylor.* Nay, nay, ne'r be so hot sir ha, for I feare you not.

*San.* Doo'st thou heare *Taylor*, thou hast braued  
Many men: braue not me.  
Th'ast fac'd many men.

*Taylor.* Wel sir.

*San.* Face not me, i'le neither be fac'd nor braued  
At thy hands I can tell thee.

*Kate.* Come, come, I like the fashion of it wel inough,  
Heere's more adoe than needes, I'le haue it, I,  
And if you doe not like it, hide your eies,  
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.

*Feran.* Go I say, and take it vp for your maisters vse.

*San.* Souns villaine, not for thy life, touch it not:  
Souns, take vp my mistris gowne to his  
Maisters vse!

*Feran.* Well sir, what's your conceit of it?

*San.* I haue a deeper conceit in it than you  
Thinke for, take vp my mistris gowne  
To his maisters vse.

*Feran.* Tailer, come hither, for this time make it:  
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

*Tailer.* I thanke you sir. *exit Tailer*

*Feran.* Come *Kate*, wee now will goe see thy fathers  
Euen in these honest meane abiliments, (house,  
Our purses shall be rich, our garments plaine,

To



*The Taming of a Shrew.*

To throwd our bodies from the winter rage,  
And that's inough, what should we care for more?  
Thy sisters, Kate, to morrow must be wed,  
And I haue promised them thou should'st be there,  
The morning is well, vp, lets haste away,  
It will be nine alocke ere we come there.

*Kate* Nine alocke, why tis already past two  
In the afternoone by al the clockes in the towne.

*Feran:* I say tis but nine alocke in the morning.

*Kate* I say tis two alocke in the afternoone.

*Fera:* It shal be nine then ere you go to your fathers:  
Come backe againe, we will not goe to day:  
Nothing but crossing me stil?  
He haue you say as I doe ere I goe. *exennt omnes.*

*Enter* Polidor, *Emelia*, *Aurelius*, and *Philema*.

*Pol:* Faire *Emelia*, summers bright sun Queene,  
Brighter of hew than is the burning clime,  
Where *Phabus* in his bright *Aequator* sits,  
Creating golde and pretious mineralls,  
What would *Emelia* doe if I were forc'd  
To leaue faire Athens, and to range the world?

*Emel:* Should thou assay to scale the seate of *Ioue*,  
Mounting the futtle airie regions,  
Or be snatcht vp as erst was *Ganimede*,  
Loue should giue wings vnto my swift desires,  
And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,  
Or fall and perish as did *Icarus*.

*Aurel:* Sweetly resolved, faire *Em. lia*,  
But would *Philema* say as much to me,  
If I should aske a question now of thee?  
What if the Duke of *Cestus* onely sonne,  
Which came with me vnto your fathers house,  
Should seeke to get *Philemas* loue from me,

And make thee Dutchesse of that stately towne,  
Would'st thou not then forsake me for his loue?

*Phil:* Not for great *Neptune*, no nor *Ioue* himselfe,  
Will *Philema* leaue *Aurelius* loue,  
Could he enstall me Empresse of the world,  
Or make me Queene and guidresse of the heauen,  
Yet would I not exchange my loue for his,  
Thy company is poore *Phylemaes* heauen,  
And without thee, heauen were hell to me.

*Emel:* And should my loue, as earst did *Hercules*,  
Attempt the burning vaults of hell,  
I would with pittious lookes, and pleasing words,  
As once did *Orpheus* with his harmony,  
And rauishing sound of his melodious Harpe,  
Intreate grimme *Pluto*, and of him obtaine  
That thou might'st goe, and safe returne againe.

*Phil:* And should my loue as erst *Leander* did,  
Attempt to swimme the boyling *Hylissos*  
For *Heros* loue: no Towers of brasle should hold,  
But I would follow thee through those raging flouds,  
With lockes dis-sheuered, and my breast all bare,  
With bended knees vpon *Abidaes* shore,  
I would with sinokie sighs and brinish teares,  
Importune *Neptune* and the wary gods,  
To send a guard of siluer scaled Dolphins,  
With sounding *Tritons* to be our conuoy,  
And to transport vs safe vnto the shore,  
Whilst I would hang about thy louely necke,  
Redoubling kisse on kisse vpon thy cheekes,  
And with our pastime still the swelling waues.

*Emel:* Should *Polidor* as *Achilles* did,  
Onely imploy himselfe to follow *Armes*,  
Like to the warlike Amazonian Queene,  
*Penthesilea* *Hectors* paramour,

Who

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

Who foild the bloody *Pirrbus* murd'rous Greeke,  
He thrust my selfe amongst the thickest throngs,  
And with my vtmost force assist my loue.

*Phyle.* Let *Eole* storme: be mild and quiet thou,  
Let *Neptune* swel, be *Aurelius* calme and pleased,  
I care not, I, betide what may betide,  
Let fates and fortune do the worst they can,  
I recke them not: they not discord with me,  
Whilest that my loue and I do well agree.

*Aurel.* Sweet *Phylema* bewties minerall,  
From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,  
And clad the heauen in thy reflected raies,  
And now my liefest loue, the time drawes nie,  
That *Himen* mounted in his saffron robe,  
Must with his torches waite vpon thy traine,  
As *Hellens* brothers on the horned moone.  
Now *Iuno* to thy number shal I adde,  
The fairest bride that euer marchant had.

*Pol.* Come faire *Emelia*, the priest is gon,  
And at the church your father and the rest  
Do stay to see our marriage rites perform'd,  
And knit in sight of heauen this *Gordian* knot,  
That teeth of fretting Time may ne'r vntwist,  
Then come faire loue and gratulate with me  
This daies content and sweet solemnity. *Exeunt omnes*

*Slie. Sim.* must they be married now?

*Lord.* I my Lord.

*Enter Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

*Slie.* Looke *Sim*, the foole is come againe now.

*Feran.* Sirha, go fetch our horses forth, and bring  
Them to the backe gate presently.

*San.* I will sir I warrant you. *exit Sander.*

*Feran.* Come *Kate*, the moone shines cleere to night,  
me thinkes. *Kate*

*The Tempt of a Shrew.*

*Kate.* The moone? why husband you are deceiu'd,  
It is the sun.

*Feran.* Yet againe, come backe againe, it shal be  
The moone ere we come at your fathers.

*Kate.* Why ile say as you say, it is the moone.

*Feran.* Iesus, saie th<sup>e</sup> glorious moone.

*Kate.* Iesus, saie the glorious moone.

*Feran.* I am glad *Kate* your stomacke is come downe,  
I know if well thou know'st it is the sun,  
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,  
And crosse me now as thou hast done before,  
And trust me *Kate* hadst thou not namde the moone,  
We had gone backe againe as sure as death.  
But soft, who's this thats comming here?

Enter the *Duke* of *Cestus* alone

*Duke.* Thus al alone from *Cestus* am I come,  
And left my princely court and nobl<sup>e</sup> traine,  
To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise,  
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes.  
But stay, heres some it may be trauels thither,  
Good sir can you direct me the way to *Athens*?

*Ferando* speakes to the old man,  
Faire louely maide, yong and affable,  
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull  
Then pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,  
Of *Amithefts* or glittering *Hiasintb*,  
More amiable far then is the plain,  
Where glittering *Cepherus* in siluer boures,  
Gaseth vp on the Giant *Andromede*,  
Sweet *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.

*Duke* I thinke the man is mad he cals me a woman.

*Kate.*



*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*Kate.* Faire louely lady, bright and Christaline,  
Bewtreous and stately as the eie-trained bird,  
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,  
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,  
And golden sommer sleepest vpon thy cheekes,  
Wrapt vp thy radiations in some cloud,  
Le it that thy bewty make this stately towne  
Inhabitable like the burning Zone,  
With sweet reflections of thy louely face.

*Duke.* What is she mad too? or is my shape transformd  
That both of them perswade me I am a woman,  
But they are mad sure, and therefore ile be gone,  
And leaue their companies for feare of harme,  
And vnto Athens haste to seeke my son.

*Exit Duke.*

*Feraro.* Why so, *Kate*, this was friendly done of thee,  
And kindly too: why thus must we two liue,  
One minde, one heart, and one content for both,  
This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,  
And glad is he I am sure, that he is gone,  
But come sweet *Kate*, for we will after him,  
And now perswade him to his shape againe.

*Ex. Omnes.*

*Enter Alfonso and Phylotus and Valeria,  
Polidor, Emelia, Aurclius and Phylema.*

*Alfon.* Come louely sonnes, your marriage rites  
Performed,  
Lets hie vs home to see what cheere we haue,  
I wonder that *Ferando* and his wife  
Come not to see this great solemnity.

*Pol.* No maruel if *Ferando* be away,  
His wife I thinke hath troubled his wits,

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,  
For forward wedlocke as the prouerbe sayes,  
Hath brought him to his nightcap long ago.

*Phylo.* But *Polidor*, let my son and you take heed;  
That *Ferando* say not ere long as much to you.  
And now *Alfonso*, more to thew my loue,  
If vnto *Cestus* you do send your ships,  
My selfe wil fraught them with *Arabian* filkes,  
Rich Affricke spices, Arras counterpointes,  
Muske, Cassia, sweet smelling Ambergreece,  
Pearle, curtoll, Christal, jet, and iuory,  
To gratulate the fauors of my son,  
And friendly loue that you haue shewne to him.

*Vale.* And for to honor him and his faire bride,

Enter the *Duke of Cestus*.

Ile yeerely send you from your fathers court,  
Chests of refine sugar seuerally,  
Ten tun of tunis wine, sucket, sweet drugs,  
To celebrate and solemnize this day,  
And custom-free, your marchants shal commerce  
And interchange the profits of your land,  
Sending you gold for brasse, siluer for lead,  
Casses of silke for packes of wol and cloth,  
To bind this friendship and confirme this league.

*Duke.* I am glad sir that you would be so franke  
Are you become the *Duke of Cestus* son,  
And reuels with my treasure in the towne,  
Base villaine that thus dishonorest me?

*Val.* Sounes it is the *Duke*, what shall I do?  
Dishonor thee? why knowst thou what thou saist?

*Duke.* Her's no villaine: he will not know me now,  
But what say you? haue you forgot me too?

*Phylo.* Why sir, are you acquainted with my son?

*Duke.* With thy son? no trust me, if he be thine,

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

I pray you sir, who am I?

*Aurel.* Pardon me father, humbly on my knees  
I do intreat your grace to heare me speake.

*Duke.* Peace villaine, lay hands on them,  
And send them to prison straight.

*Phylotus* and *Valeria* runnes away

Then *Slie* speakes.

*Slie.* I say weele haue no sending to prison.

*Lord.* My Lord this is but the play, they're but in iest.

*Slie.* I tel thee *Sim* weele haue no sending,  
To prison thats flat: why *Sim*, am not I *Don Christo Vari*?  
Therefore I say, they shal not goe to prison.

*Lord.* No more they shal not, my Lord,  
They be runne away.

*Slie.* Are they run away *Sim*: thats wel,  
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

*Lord.* Here my Lord.

*Slie.* drinckes and then fals asleepe.

*Duke.* Ah trecherous boy that durst presume,  
To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leaue,  
I sweare by faire *Cintreas* burning raies,  
By *Merops* head, and by seuen mouthed *Nile*,  
Had I but known ere thou hadst wedded her,  
Were in thy brest the worlds immortal soule,  
This Angry sworde should rip thy hateful chest,  
And hewd thee smaller then the *Libian* landes,  
Turne hence thy face, oh cruel impious boy.

*Alfon.* I did not thinke you would presume,  
To match your daughter with my princely house,  
And ne'r make mee acquainted with the cause.

*Alfo.* My Lord, by heauens I sweare vnto your grace,  
I knew none other but *Valeria* your man,  
Had bin the *Duke of Ceslus* noble son,

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

Nor did my daughter I dare sware for her.

*Duke.* That damned villaine that hath deluded me,  
Whom I did send for guide vnto my son,  
Oh that my furious force could cleaue the earth,  
That I might muster bands of hellish seeds,  
To racke his heart and teare his impious soule.  
The ceaselesse turning of celestiall orbes,  
Kindles not greater flames in sitting aire,  
Then passionate anguish of my raging brest.

*Aurel.* Then let my death sweet father end your griefe,  
For I it is that thus haue wrought your woes,  
I then be reuengd on me, for here I sweare  
That they are innocent of what I did,  
Oh had I charge to cut off *Hydras* head,  
To make the toplesse *Alpes* a champaigne field,  
To kil vntamed monsters with my sword,  
To trauel daily in the hottest sun,  
And watch in winter when the nights be cold.  
I would with gladnes vndertake them all,  
And thinke the paine but pleasure that I felt,  
So that my noble father at my return,  
Would but forget and pardon me my offence.

*Phyle.* Let me intreat your grace vpon my knees,  
To pardon him and let my death discharge  
The heauy wrath your grace hath vowd against him.

*Pol.* And good my Lord, let vs intreat your grace  
To purge your stomacke of this Melancoly,  
Taint not your princely mind with griefe my Lord,  
But pardon and forgiue these louers faulcs,  
That kneeling craue your gracious fauor here.

*Emel.* Great prince of *Cestus*, let a womans words  
Intreat a pardon in your Lordly brest,  
Both for your princely son, and vs my Lord.

*Duke Aurelius* stand vp, I pardon thee,



*The Taming of a Shrew.*

I see that vertue wil haue enemies,  
And fortune wil be thwarting honor still.  
And you faire virgin too, I am content  
To accept you for my daughter since tis don,  
And see you princely vsde in *Cestius* court.

*Phyle.* Thanks good my Lord, and I no longer liue,  
Then I obey and honor you in al.

*Alfon.* Let me giue thanks vnto your royall grace,  
For this great honor done to mee and mine,  
And if your grace wil walke vnto my house,  
I wil in humblest maner I can, shew  
The eternall seruice I do owe your grace.

*Duke.* Thankes good *Alfonso*: but I came alone,  
And not as did befeeme the *Cestian* Duke,  
Nor would I haue it knowne within the towne,  
That I was here, and thus, without my traine:  
But as I came alone, so wil I go,  
And leaue my son to solemnise his feast,  
And ere't be long Ile come againe to you,  
And do him honor as befeemes the son  
Of mighty *Ierobel* the *Cestian* Duke,  
Til when ile leaue you, farewell *Aurelius*.

*Aurel.* Not yet my Lord, ile bring you to your ship.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*She* sleepes.

*Lord.* Who's within there? come hither sirs, my Lords  
Asleepe againe, go take him easly vp,  
And put him in his own apparel againe,  
And lay him in the place where we did find him,  
Iust vnderneath the alehouse side below,  
But see you wake him not in any case.

*Boy.* It shalbe done my Lord, come help to beare him  
hence.

*Exit*

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

Enter *Ferando Aurelius and Polidor*  
and his boy, and *Valeria and Sander.*

*Feran.* Come Gentlemen, now that supper's done,  
How shall we spend the time til we go to bed?

*Aurel.* Faith if you wil, in trial of our wiues  
Who wil come soonest at their husbands cal.

*Pol.* Nay then *Ferando* he must needs sit out,  
For he may cal I thinke til he be weary,  
Before his wife wil come before she list.

*Feran.* Tis wel for you that haue such gentle wiues,  
Yet in this trial wil I not sit out,  
It may be *Kate* wil come as soone as I do send.

*Aurel.* My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.

*Pol.* I take it. Ile lay as much to yours,  
That my wife comes as soone as I do send.

*Aurel.* How now *Ferando*, you dare not lay belike.

*Feran.* Why true, I dare not lay indeed:  
But how, so little mony on so sure a thing,  
A hundred pound: why I haue laid as much  
Vpon my Dog, in running at a Deere,  
She shal not come so far for such a trifle,  
But wil you lay five hundred markes with me,  
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth cal,  
And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,  
Let him inioy the wager I haue laid,  
Now what say you? dare you aduenture thus?

*Pol.* I, were it a thousand pounds I durst presume  
On my wiues loue: and I will lay with thee.

Enter *Alfonso.*

*Alfon.* How now sons, what in conference so hard,  
May I without offence, know where about?

*Aurelius*

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*Aurel.* Faith father a waighly cause, about our wiues,  
Fiue hundred markes already we haue laid,  
And he whose wife doth shew most loue to him,  
He must inioy the wager to himselfe.

*Alfon.* Why then *Ferando* he is sure to lose it,  
I promise thee son, thy wife wil hardly come,  
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

*Feran.* Tush father, were it ten times more  
I durst aduenture on my louely *Kate*,  
But if I lose ile pay, and so shal you.

*Aur.* Vpon mine honor, if I lose Ile pay.

*Pol.* And so wil I vpon my faith I vow.

*Feran.* Then sit we downe and let vs send for them:

*Alf.* I promise thee *Ferando* I am afraid thou wilt lose.

*Aurel.* Ile send for my wife first, *Valeria*,  
Go bid your mistris come to me.

*Val.* I wil my Lord.

*Exit Valeria.*

*Aurel.* Now for my hundred pound,  
Would any lay ten hundred more with me  
I know I should obtaine it by her loue,

*Fera.* I pray God you haue not laid too much already.

*Aurel.* Trust me *Ferando* I am sure you haue,  
For you I dare presume haue lost it al.

*Enter Valeria againe.*

Now sir ha, what saies your mistris?

*Val.* She is somthing busie but sheele come anone.

*Feran.* Why so, did not I tel you this before,  
She was busie and cannot come. swere

*Aur.* I pray God your wife send you so good an an-  
She may be busie, yet she saies sheele come.

*Fera.* Wel, wel: *Polidor*, send you for your wife.

*Polidor*

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*Pol.* Agreed, *Boy* desire your mistress to come hither.

*Boy.* I will sir.

*exit Boy*

*Feran.* I, so, so, he desires hir to come.

*Alfon.* *Polidor*, I dare presume for thee,  
I thinke thy wife wil not denie to come,  
And I do maruel much *Aurelius*,  
That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the *Boy* againe.

*Pol.* Now, wher's your mistress?

*Boy.* She bad mee tell you that shee will not come,  
And you haue any businesse, you must come to hir.

*Feran.* O monstrous intollerable presumption,  
Worse then a blasing star, or snow at Midsummer,  
Earthquakes, or any thing vnseasonable,  
She will not come: but he must come to hir.

*Pol.* Well sir, I pray you lets heare what  
Answer your wife will make.

*Feran.* sir, ha, command your mistress to come  
To me presently.

*Exit Sander*

*Aurel.* I thinke my wife for all she did not come,  
Wil proue most kind, for now I haue no feare,  
For I am sure *Ferandos* wife, she will not come.

*Feran.* The more's the pittie, then I must lose.

Enter *Kate* and *Sander*

But I haue won, for see where *Kate* doth come.

*Kate* Sweete husband did you send for me.

*Feran.* I did my loue, I sent for thee to come,  
Come hither *Kate*, whats that vpon thy head?

*Kate.* Nothing hus and but my cap I thinke.

*Feran.* Pul it off and tread it vnder thy feet,  
Tis foolish, I wil not haue thee weare it.

She takes off her cap and treads on it.

*Polidor*



*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*Pol.* Oh wonderful metamorphosis.

*Aurel.* This is a wonder, almost past beleefe.

*Feran.* This is a token of her true loue to me,  
And yet Ile try her further you shall see,  
Come hither *Kate*, where are thy sisters?

*Kate.* They be sitting in the bridal chamber.

*Feran.* Fetch them hither, and if they wil not come,  
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.

*Kate.* I will.

*Alfon.* I promise thee *Ferando* I would haue sworne,  
Thy wife would ne'r haue done so much for thee.

*Feran.* But you shal see she wil do more then this,  
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter *Kate* thrusting *Phyloma* and *Emelia* before her,  
and makes them come vnto their husbands call.

*Kate.* See husband, I haue brought them both.

*Feran.* Tis wel done *Kate*.

*Eme.* I sure, and like a louing peece, your worthy  
To haue great praise for this attempt.

*Phyle.* I for making a foole of her selfe and vs,

*Aurel.* Beshrew thee *Phyloma* thou hast

Lost me a hundred pound to night,  
For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.

*Pol.* But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deale more.

*Eme.* You might haue kept it better then,  
Who bade you lay?

*Feran.* Now louely *Kate*, before their husbands here,  
I prethee tel vnto these head-strong women,  
What dewty wiues do owe vnto their Husbands.

*Kate.* Then you that liue thus by your pampered wils,  
Now list to me, and marke what I shal say,  
Th'eternal power that with his only breath,

Shall cause this end, and this beginning frame,  
Not in time, nor before time, but with time confus'd,  
For al the count of yeares, of ages, months,  
Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,  
Are tun'd and topt by meature of his hand,  
The first world was, a forme without a forme,  
A heape confus'd, a mixture al deform'd,  
A gulf of gultes, a body bodilesse.  
Where al the elements were orderlesse,  
Before the great Commander of the world.  
The King of kings, the glorious God of heauen,  
Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke,  
And made al things to stand in perfect course,  
Then to his image he did make a man  
Older than Adam, and from his side sleepe  
A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make  
The woe of man so terind by Adam then,  
Woman, for that by her came sinne to vs,  
And for her sinne was Adam doom'd to die.  
As Sara to her husband so should we,  
Obey them, loue them, keepe and nourish them,  
If they by any meanes do want our helpes,  
Laying our hands vnder their feet to tread,  
If that by that we might procure their ease,  
And for a president Ile first begin,  
And lay my hand vnder my husbands feet.

She laies her hand vnder her husbands feet.

*Feran.* Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,  
And they I am sure cannot deny the same.

*Also.* I *Ferando*, the wager thou hast won,  
And for to shew thee how I am pleas'd in this,  
A hundred pounds I freely giue thee more.  
Another dowry for another daughter,  
For she is not the same she was before.

*Feran.*

*The Taming of a Shrew.*

*Ferant.* Thanks, sweet father, gentlemen, good night,  
For Kate and I will leaue you for to night,  
Tis Kate and I am wed, and you are sped:  
And so farewell, for we will to our beds.

*Exit Ferando, Kate, and Sander.*

*Alfon.* Now Aurelius, what say you to this?

*Aurel.* Beleeue me father, I rejoyce to see  
Ferando and his wife so louingly agree.

*Exeunt Aurelius, and Philema, and Alfonso,  
and Valeria.*

*Emel:* How now Polidor? in a dumpe? what saist thou

*Phi.* I say thou arte a shrew. (man?

*Emel:* That's better than a sheepe.

*Pol.* Well, since tis done, come, lets goe.

*Exeunt Polidor and Emelia.*

Then enter two, bearing of *Slie* in his owne apparrell  
again, and leaues him where they found him, and  
then goes out: then enters the Tapster.

*Tapster* Now that the daykesome night is ouerpast,  
And dawning day appeares in cristall skie,  
Now must I hatte abroad: but soft, who's this?  
What *Slie*, O wondrous! hath he laine heere all night?  
He wake him, I thinke hee's starued by this,  
But that his belly was so stufft with ale:  
What now *Slie*, awake for shame.

*Slie* *Sim*, giues some more wine, what all the Players  
gone? am not I a Lord?

*Tapster* A Lord with a murrin: come, art thou drunken  
still?

*Slie* Who's this? *Tapster*, O Lord sir ha, I haue had the  
brauest dreame to night, that euer thou heardest in all  
thy life.

*Tapster* Yea mary, but you had best get you home,  
For your wife will curse you for dreaming heere to  
night.

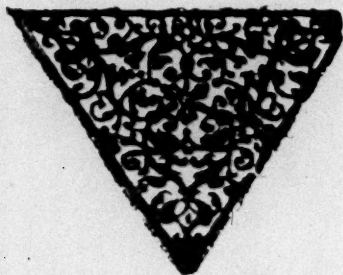
*She* Wil she? I know now how to tame a shrew,  
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,  
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame  
That euer I had in my life : but Ile to my wife presently,  
and tame her too if she anger me.

*Tappster* Nay tarry *She*, for Ile goe home with thee,  
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

G. STEEVENS.





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